I Don’t Wanna Be Alone Tonight

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/54463444.

Rating:
Explicit

Archive Warning:
No Archive Warnings Apply

Category:
M/M

Fandom:
Masters of the Air (TV 2024)

Relationship:
Gale "Buck" Cleven/John Clarence "Bucky" Egan

Characters:
Gale "Buck" Cleven, John Clarence "Bucky" Egan

Additional Tags:
Sharing a Bed, Sharing Body Heat, Cuddling & Snuggling, Fluff, Light Angst, Set During Part Seven/Eight, Semi-Public Sex, Hand Jobs, Dry Humping, Frottage, Making Out, First Kiss, Friends to Lovers, Quiet Sex, Idiots in Love

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2024-03-14 Words: 4,290 Chapters: 1/1

I Don’t Wanna Be Alone Tonight

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Summary

“John,” Gale reprimands, removing John's hand more forcefully this time, opening his eyes.

“‘s cold,” John’s eyes are still closed when he mumbles his reply, and he can feel the tendons in his wrist twitch where he’s holding it against the mattress. Gale scoffs.

“Don’t care. Keep your hands to yourself.”

Notes

Hi friends! This is a continuation of my last oneshot, but it can be read as a stand alone because I included most of the first oneshot at the beginning of this one so it would all flow smoothly and I wouldn’t have to set things up again. :^)

See the end of the work for more notes

Gale wakes up in the middle of the night, registering the bitterly cold air on his face before he zeroes in on the source of his disturbance.

Something is pushing at his arm, and he huffs, rolling onto his stomach and tucking his limbs in closer to his body. But the nudging is persistent, dragging him fully from the comfort of sleep, and he almost jumps out of his skin when he squints into the dark, not expecting to be greeted by another set of eyes looking back at him.

"Christ, John," he breathes out, running a hand down his face. John just looks at him blearily, tugging expectantly at his blanket, and Gale stares back.

"Lemme in," John grumbles, and Gale almost laughs, tugging the blanket back up to his chin.

"Go back to bed," he whispers, shutting his eyes. He waits, but doesn't hear retreating footsteps, so he cracks one eye open again to see John still standing there with a scowl, curls sticking up wildly, arms wrapped around himself.

"John."

"It's cold."

"It'd be less cold if you were in your bunk."

John reaches for his blanket again, and Gale reluctantly braves the cold air to poke an arm out, smacking his hand away.

John looks a bit like a kicked puppy, but only for a second, and then his face sets in determination.

The mattress dips as John hauls himself up without a second thought, the bunk's frame creaking in protest, Gale's eyes snapping open.

"Bucky," he hisses out, barely able to turn and shoot him a scathing look before he's flattened by the full force of a man on a mission, air rushing out of his lungs in a *whoosh.*

"Off," he grunts out, and it's like scolding a badly behaved dog, his efforts at rolling over completely futile with John planking against his back.

It's not the first time he's woken up to his friend trying to get in bed with him, memories of whisky–breath and cheeky grins accompanying

valiant efforts back at base, but usually a pointed *no* is enough to get him to slink back to his own bed.

He doesn't feel John's typical heat seeping through the blanket though, and with the way the man is usually a walking furnace, it makes him feel a little bad. John sleeps like a rock, so if he was cold enough that it dragged him from his slumber, Gale knows he's not exaggerating.

He sighs heavily, and he can feel John perk up ever so slightly, as though he can sense Gale's resolve slipping.

It's not like the others haven't ended up huddling in each other's bunks for warmth on the harsher nights; winter in the stalag is brutal, and any reservations fly out the window pretty fast when you start to lose feeling in your extremities. And Gale can feel the cold down to his bones even beneath the blankets, so he thinks maybe the added warmth wouldn't be the worst thing in the world.

"Fine," he grumbles, jabbing an elbow back. "Get up."

John does so immediately, sitting up enough to let Gale yank the blanket out from between the two of them, almost thwacking the top of his skull on the roof of the bunk in his haste. Gale shuffles to the edge of the bed to make space, and John squeezes himself between the wall and his back, helping to pull the blanket up over the two of them.

Gale settles back against his pillow, feeling John grow still behind him, and he lets his eyes fall shut, the room going silent once again. He gets about a minute of peace before an arm snakes around his waist, and he feels John press the length of his body up against his own, jolting hard as cold fingertips brush against his stomach where his shirt has ridden up in the shuffle.

"Sorry," John's breath is hot against the back of his neck, his hand retreating to rest above his shirt, patting him apologetically before he settles again.

Gale breathes out, trying to relax into the warmth, feeling tense in this new territory.

"This okay?" John must sense it, always perceptive. Gale nods, humming affirmatively.

And he should know better by now than to give an inch, because John takes a mile without missing a beat, nestling his face into the crook of

Gale's neck, sighing contentedly. Soft curls brush against his jaw, the arm around his middle tightening.

Gale feels heat creep across his face that he can't attribute to the warm breath fanning out against his collarbone, swallowing hard. He admires just as much as he envies how comfortable John can make himself in any situation, never afraid of showing affection, of chasing whatever calls to him.

He has to remind himself to breathe, afraid John will pick up on his rapid heartbeat in his neck, but his worrying turns out to be unnecessary, because he can tell by the way John's breathing evens out that he's asleep within minutes.

Gale's eyes slowly grow heavy again too, allowing himself the bliss of melting back into his friend's warmth, feeling safe in a way he hasn't since those metal gates closed behind him. He sleeps better that night than he has in a long, long time.

They fall into a bit of a routine, from then on. No one bats an eye when Gale's bunk seems to suddenly belong to both Majors every night; by late December, it's cold enough that it seems crazier *not* to bunk with someone for added body heat, most of their block pairing off once the sun falls past the horizon.

And really, as much as Gale hates to admit it (because John is way too smug when he lifts the blanket for him without a fight after that first night), it *is* nice, having that kind of closeness with someone after months of feeling so isolated.

At first, he misses the extra leg room, and there are times when he seriously contemplates rolling John out of bed or smothering him with a pillow when he's woken up by his snoring, but he gets used to it quickly. The few times John comes to bed late, he realizes he's not sure how to fall asleep alone anymore, which evokes a lot of feelings, none of which he quite feels like unpacking.

On this particular night, they're laying face to face, which is unusual. But John had gotten into bed a few minutes after Gale, which left Gale with his back to the wall as John settled in for some mindless pillow talk.

A few minutes have passed without a word from John, and Gale would assume he's fallen asleep, if it weren't for the fact that he's

fending off a hand that keeps incessantly creeping beneath his shirt.

The third time he has to reach between the two of them and grab John's wrist to pull his hand away, his face is warm, and he's mildly annoyed.

"John," he reprimands him in a whisper.

Gale watches his face contort in the dark, but he leaves his hand where Gale drops it.

For approximately two minutes, and then Gale flinches as the wandering hand is back, fingertips grazing his side.

"John," he repeats, removing it more forcefully this time, opening his eyes.

"'s cold," John's eyes are still closed when he mumbles his reply, and he can feel the tendons in his wrist twitch where he's holding it against the mattress. Gale scoffs.

"Don't care. Keep your hands to yourself."

He lets go of John's wrist and promptly rolls over as if to make a point. A few seconds pass before he feels shuffling behind him, and John's face is a lot closer than he expects when he speaks.

"C'mon, Buck, don't be like that." He can hear the smile in his friend's voice just as well as he can picture it, crooked and dopey, lazy with sleep. Gale doesn't dignify him with a response, keeping his eyes closed.

An arm slings over his waist, and he wants to shove it away on principle, but he's cold and it's nothing he hasn't allowed on previous nights, so he lets it slide.

Of course, John being John, the man takes that as an invitation to squish up against him, nose finding the back of his neck, and whatever, that's fine.

Except something hard is now pressing against the back of his thigh.

John must feel him tense up, because the warmth pressed against him abruptly leaves as he shuffles back, whispering an apology. Gale doesn't know how to make his ears stop ringing.

"It's fine," he croaks out, except it really, *really* isn't. Because now he's

feeling his own pants tighten around his crotch, and that most definitely should *not* be a side effect of his best friend getting hard in the same bed as him.

John's thinking so loud behind him that Gale can almost hear the hamster wheel in his head spinning, and all he can do is squeeze his eyes shut tighter and pray John just rolls over and goes to sleep and they can both pretend nothing happened in the morning.

But the universe works in mysterious (horrible, awful, terrible) ways, because John's arm returns, chest fitting itself against his back once again, though he's clearly being conscious to keep distance below the waist.

Gale supposes that's one way of pretending nothing's happened. A very brazen, very *John* way, but it's certainly an effort. And it's not like Gale's going to banish him back to his own bunk for something surely entirely unintentional and very human.

There's a few minutes where neither of them say anything, pretending to try to sleep, but he's sure their thoughts run similar to each other's, and knowing how John is, he knows there's a good chance he's seconds from either trying to talk about this, or act on some sort of impulse.

It doesn't take long to find out which. John shifts restlessly behind him just before the arm around him moves, fingertips dragging over his shirt as it drifts out of what Gale has deemed a safe zone. His hand trails dangerously low, and Gale's hyper aware of how close he is to being found out, if John doesn't already have his suspicions.

He reaches down to grab John's wrist again, stopping him from continuing on that perilous path. To John's credit, he does pause, but only for a moment before his hand is creeping downwards again, and Gale does nothing to stop him despite how loud his own heartbeat is in his ears.

John's clearly moving with intention now, not attempting to play it off as idle twitches or readjustments, and Gale thinks his heart is going to beat out of his chest. He knows he should tell him off, but heat pools in his stomach in anticipation as his fingers skim over the sliver of exposed skin just above his pants, and Gale's scared that if he cautiously reminds him of where they are, John will take it as a rejection, when it's anything but.

So he stays quiet, subtly shifting back against him, feeling John

hesitate for a moment before he makes the final leap, pressing the palm of his hand against his crotch over his pants. Gale doesn't breathe, waiting for John to do something, to say something; he knows he must feel how hard he is through his clothing.

"Shit." There it is. A murmur of surprise, of thrill, of satisfaction, music to his ears. John wraps his hand around the outline of his cock, timid like he's waiting for Gale to turn over and sock him clean on the beak, but when Gale whispers out a curse of his own, it's like he's given John the green light. His hand immediately tightens around him, squeezing him through the fabric.

"Bucky," Gale chokes out.

He feels John's forehead fall on his shoulder, like he's revelling in the notion that it's not just him. There's a puff of hot breath against his shoulder blade, and then curious pressure, like John's just testing the waters.

He's testing Gale's patience, too, though Gale's not sure whether to move into or away from his touch, head spinning the way it does when he's just laid down after a night of drinking.

"John–"

"Can I?" John runs his fingertips along the waistband of his pants, and Gale finds himself nodding embarrassingly fast despite everything in him telling him this is a bad idea.

Uncharacteristically gentle fingers dip into his pants, grazing sensitive skin as they feel their way down his pelvis. A calloused palm wraps around Gale's cock, and Gale brings an arm up to tuck his face into the crook of it, feeling exposed.

"Oh, *Gale,"* John breathes against the shell of his ear, sounding equal parts nervous and awestruck; it puts Gale a little bit at ease to know he shares the sentiment.

John gives an experimental drag of his hand, and Gale's hips stutter, the cloth of his shirt catching on his bottom lip. John's touch retracts then, and Gale lifts his head from his arm in confusion, only to hear him spit into his hand behind him.

Gale immediately drops his forehead back down with a muffled groan when John takes him in his hand again, spit slicking the way this time. It feels miles better than his own hand, and he's not sure if it's

because John is eager to please, or because it's been so long since someone else has touched him like that, but either way it has stars blooming behind his eyelids.

He can't even think straight, head spinning, knowing this is stupidly risky and knowing it's going to change everything. He's not sure he cares.

Especially when John presses up against him again, and Gale can feel how hard he is against his ass, flushes when it makes him twitch in John's hand and John huffs out a low laugh. He has to bite down on his own arm when he feels warm lips against his neck, mouthing at his pulse like he's trying to coax it into racing, as if it hasn't already been from the moment John crowded up against him.

John takes his hand off of him again then, and Gale is mortified at the breathy whine that slips out, face burning, but he gets a quiet groan against his neck in return and it feels like he's been flashbanged. John places his hand on his hip, pulling at it to get him to turn, and Gale obliges, shuffling onto his back and then his other side.

His heart flutters in his chest at how debauched John looks, pupils blown in the dark, curls wild.

Gale leans in without a second thought, capturing John's lips with his own, freezing at the noise of surprise John makes into his mouth. They both grow still for a moment, panting against each other, waiting for the sound of sheets rustling or any sign of the others stirring, but the room stays quiet.

Gale is more careful this time when he goes back in, pressing his lips softly against John's, but John pushes back eagerly, teeth clacking quietly against his, drawing hushed laughter from both of them.

His laugh is quickly cut off by a gasp when John's hand wraps back around his cock, lips parting, and John licks into his mouth, tongue ghosting over the backs of his teeth. Gale places his hand on John's hip, hesitant in his touch as he slides his hand lower, toying with the hem of his pants.

He can feel heat radiating off of John, can feel his restraint as he lets Gale go at his own pace, relaxing to let Gale lead the kiss.

He kisses John hard as he throws caution to the wind, slipping his hand into his pants, muffling a groan against John's lips when he feels the weight of him in his hand for the first time. He doesn't expect it to

get to him as much as it does, but the way John's hips twitch into his hand goes straight to his own dick.

Gale doesn't even need to spit into his hand, palm slicking over the mess that's already leaked from the head of John's cock, reeling at the knowledge of how worked up John's gotten just from touching Gale.

It's so different from touching himself, adjusting to the new angle, but feeling John rock into his touch is the hottest thing he's ever experienced, capturing every little noise the man makes against his lips. He aches to hear them properly, to draw more out of him, but he knows they have to be careful, already on edge from how precarious this is.

John pushes his leg between Gale's, drawing them closer to each other, growing bolder now that he knows he's not going to scare him off with his wants.

And Gale wonders how long John's been wanting this for, how many nights he's laid awake thinking about it while Gale's been busy shoving his feelings down. It makes his heart twist, thinking about how much time they've wasted, not knowing how fleeting their days together would become.

But he tries not to dwell on it, not wanting to taint the time they do have.

John doesn't let him think too heavy on it anyway, always able to tell when Gale's getting in his own head about things, bringing his left arm up to slide under the pillow they're both laying on, tangling his hand in Gale's hair.

He can tell there's so much John wants to say, knows it's probably killing him to not be running his mouth right now, and it makes him smile into the kiss, wanting to tease him about how this is the longest he's ever seen him be quiet. But John must sense it, because he gives Gale's hair a light tug and Gale's mouth falls open, any taunts knocked straight out of his head.

His hand moves lazily on Gale's cock, confidence in each slide, catching Gale's bottom lip between his teeth to pull at it and let it snap back into place. Gale squeezes the hand around John's dick in retaliation, inhaling at the way it gets John's hips pushing up against his own, and suddenly it feels like there's far too much clothing between the two of them.

He tugs at John's pants with his free hand, a silent ask, and John doesn't miss a beat, taking his hand off of Gale to help them both shuffle their pants down to their knees.

Gale moves to take him in his hand again, but John nudges him away, and Gale looks at him with a disgruntled impatience. But John's hand leaves his hair, finding his waist, pulling him close against him until his cock is slotting next to Gale's, both of them hissing out in unison.

The slide of hot skin on skin when John tentatively rolls his hips has Gale seeing white, hand flying up to cover his mouth and muffle a moan when John repeats the motion, eyelids going heavy at the look of concentration on John's face. He can't help but picture it in other scenarios, thinking about the way his eyebrows would pinch in his efforts at self control as he pushes into Gale, or as he sinks down on Gale's cock, chest tight with how bad he wants to see it all.

He wants everything he's spent years pretending he doesn't think about in the quiet of night, because he thought he could never have it, still doesn't know if he can, even if John wants it, too. And he's sure now he does– he's sure John has wanted it for longer than Gale wants to guess at, knowing how lonely it is to long for something that feels so out of reach.

He takes his hand off his mouth, aching to touch John, wrapping an arm around his middle to flatten his hand between his shoulder blades and pull him closer. John drags him back into a needy kiss, hips stuttering against his, slipping his hand between their bodies to get a hold of both of their dicks.

It takes all of Gale's self restraint to swallow down the noise that threatens to tumble out at the new pressure, exhaling shakily against John's lips, back arching as he rolls his hips into his hand. The contrast of the slick slide of their cocks against the rough skin of John's palm sends electricity running up his spine, almost too much stimulation.

Gale's grateful for the dark of night giving them some privacy, but he would give anything to be able to see John properly right now, to watch their bodies move against each other, can't help but hope that one day he'll get that. For now though, this is more than enough, the two of them eating each other's desperate gasps and groans, hands burning invisible marks on hips and backs, the chill of the night seeming like a distant memory.

And kissing John is *addictive.* The intensity with which he leans into everything in his life bleeds through into the way he kisses, even with their efforts to keep things quiet. John only pulls away when he runs out of breath– otherwise, it's like he's magnetized to Gale's lips, pushing and pulling and biting, licking into his mouth like he really believes he can devour him from the inside out.

Gale would let him, without question. He'd let him do whatever he wanted, so long as they could do this again and again.

They both rock their hips in and out of John's fist, cautious to not rustle the sheets or shake the bed frame. The heat curls tighter in Gale's stomach every time John's hand glides over the head of his dick, shuddering at the way it feeds the flame, burning hot on every inch of skin.

John's movements are growing sloppier, the thrusts of his hips less controlled, and their kiss becomes more of a panting into each other's mouths, urgency seeping into every motion.

"Fuck, Gale," John whispers in warning, and Gale nods hurriedly, desperately grabbing at John's back to pull him as close as possible.

John's hand tightens around their cocks, and Gale hips jolt up, feeling John throb against him. He ruts up into his fist, every heated slide against John building the pressure in the pit of his stomach until he's lurching forward to capture John's lips again, keening high and breathy in his throat as his hips jerk up once more before his orgasm rips the air from his lungs.

Gale shakes apart as he spills over both of them, his cock pulsing against John's as he jerks them off, hand slipping easily around them, eyes rolling back when John bites down on his lip and follows him over the edge with a strangled groan.

Every stroke drags ripples of pleasure out of him, feeling John's come add to the slide of his own, pushing into his fist until his thighs are trembling. John slows his hand when Gale starts to shy away from his movements, easing them both through it, kissing Gale so tenderly that his head spins and his heart turns to mush.

He can't hear anything other than his own heartbeat in his ears for a minute, eyes squeezed shut as he chases John's lips, the man's other hand coming up to run his fingers through the back of his hair and hold him close.

Gale doesn't have to see him to know John is smiling, can feel it against his own lips, can sense it in the way he hums quietly.

But he opens his eyes, pulls back ever so slightly, and it's the sweetest damn thing he's ever seen, stealing his breath entirely. The way John's looking back at him in the dim light makes him feel shy, almost bashful, face going warm again.

Gale can't resist leaning forward to press a soft kiss to his cheek, brushing a dark curl from his face. They both wince when John finally removes his hand from between their bodies, feeling the dampness against their stomachs.

"We need a rag, or somethin'," Gale rasps, twisting to see if he has anything on his shelf, but when he turns back, John's raising his hand to his mouth, lapping up their mess without a second thought.

Gale watches, transfixed, cock giving a weak twitch of interest, and he flushes, glancing away.

"John Egan," he murmurs in faux–shock, as if he's scandalized, though he makes no move to push John away when he leans in to kiss him after he's done, feeling a bit breathless at the taste of both of them on his tongue.

The dog tags on John's necklace clink together when Gale leans his head on his chest a few minutes later, once they've both caught their breath and exhausted themselves of their lazy kissing. He can hear John thinking, though he's not much better off, mind racing with thoughts of how things will have changed when the sun comes up.

"That was stupidly risky, John," he settles on that worry instead, something tangible.

"Yeah," John says after a heavy sigh, tracing his finger back and forth over the dip of Gale's collarbone. Even *this,* laying together in this way, is foolish, they both know that.

And yet Gale can tell the moment John's face breaks into his lopsided grin, can hear it in his voice when he says:

"Same time tomorrow?"

Gale smiles too.

"Don't count on it."

End Notes

Well, today's MOTA finale day, so I figured we could all use some soft BuckBucky smut to lift our spirits. :-(I'm so so excited to see what this final episode brings, but SO sad at the thought of it being over– we all better keep the love for these sweet boys well and alive even after tonight. I know I sure don't see myself getting bored of writing about them anytime soon, that's for certain. :-)

I hope you enjoyed this spicy extension of my last oneshot! I literally never write multi-part oneshots so this was a rare occasion, but I feel like it was kinda inevitable because how can I think about these two sharing a bunk without thinking about the other stuff that might go along with that? Lol.

Thank you SO much for all the love on the first part; I wouldn't have gotten this one done without the motivation, so I really appreciate it!! <3

I've been brainrotting endlessly on my tumblr if you wanna come hang out or leave some fun asks as your heart recovers from the finale. Also been posting MOTA ship art there if you wanna go have a peek at that too!

Alright, hope you all have a good time watching tonight's episode, and hopefully there aren't too many tears. :') See you soon! x

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!